

In Their Eyes

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Summary: A mere blink in the life of an elf; Thranduil and his lover wander the forests of Greenwood, simply content in the other's company. They are an age away from the troubles to come. (One shot, fluff, Thranduil x OC)

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Author's Note: Hey everyone, it's Jev again finally! This is a oneshot featuring Thranduil and my OC, written circa 2015. Hope you like it, it's very fluffy. Please leave a review if you like this pairing, as I always love a good ego boost. ;) I'm thinking of making this book a sort of chronicle of Thranduil and his wife as I portray her, feel free to share your thoughts on that as well.

If one was to look above Greenwood, the name would seem quite fitting. Trees upon lush trees pressed in together to shelter the elves climbing unseen among their roots like ants. The cool wind stirred the foliage of the forest like the hair of a giant beast, blowing them collectively north or south or whichever way it preferred.

Night's cloak was swept over Eryn Galen and this night the deep shadows ruffled the trees, only broken by the flecks of starlight shining determinedly overhead. It was grand, a kingdom, strong and true, and beautiful in its own right.

It didn't have spiraling staircases like icicles creeping up silver trees such as those of LothlÃ³rien, or sun-drenched halls in the west such as Imladris, but it was raw and real and many Silvan called it home.

Down on the earth, two elves walked through the starlight spilling and the shadows dwelling on feet that barely touched the grass.

One was a female, tall, but smaller than the other, with broad shoulders and a lithe body. Her gown was simple, a soft periwinkle

hue that complimented her weathered grey eyes and the honey-blonde hair falling down her back. Lines of glowing, jewel-like threads were sewn into the seams, pulsing faintly in the dim light as they followed her motion. A silver circlet rested on her brow, tendrils streaming into her hair.

Her beauty was pure, yet her gaze, tender and even as it surveyed the forest, held a deep set steely spark.

She was not what drew the eye of the passerby, though. Beside her, his stride long and proud, was a elf of a regal nature. Silver hair flowed back from his brow, shining white-gold against his tunic. His eyes possessed the clarity of a summer lake and his face was handsome, not in the way of Men, but timelessly so. He was tall and strongly-set, very obviously a warrior. The silver that arced over his brow was bold and curving, like the metal of a sword.

If she was as the moon, pale but a mysterious beauty, he was the sun. His low voice billowed out into the crisp air, glancing emphatically over at the maiden to watch her reaction or just to look at her.

"How goes your music?"

"It has taken a mind of its own, it compels me to play." Her voice was smooth and warm with a fine cadence. "What of your art?"

"Much the same. There is inspiration in every meadow." His eyes flickered toward her. "It is a good time to indulge in our interests."

She inclined her head, a small smile playing at her mouth as she returned his look. "Yes." A quiet laugh sang through the word.

"Our more personal interests, aside from the kingdom." He noticed her amusement and his tone lightened.

"The kingdom is often of my personal interest." She said good-naturedly.

"A princely interest?" The male elf asked teasingly, and she cast her gaze away, smiling broadly.

"A kingly interest."

He quirked an eyebrow and his voice deepened in mock offense. "What of the heir then?"

"What of him?" She challenged him with a lift of her chin.

"He dotes on you, dear friend. It would be a shame to turn him away to appease Oropher's wishes. He can soon enough find another with enough fire to train his legions."

"Your counsel is true, friend. I will perhaps consider the courtship of Thranduil."

"Good. The prince will be pleased."

An amiable lull followed, in which they climbed over mossy logs and

other trials of the overgrown Greenwood; Their company was such that speech was not always necessary. The male elf broke the silence, seemingly coming upon a thought that warranted sharing.

"The king was pleased with your training of the new soldiers, he says that the patrols will be more than suitable when they join our ranks." His satisfaction was plain; smugness flashed in his eyes.

The maiden smiled at him, her eyes sparkling with affection. "They will serve him gladly when he has need of them."

"Of course." Then they walked in silence once more, the creaking of the Greenwood and the rush of the breeze enveloping them. The trees were staggered, and they had to weave around them. They did so lightly and with the ease born of their immortality.

The male elf spoke up through the undergrowth. "A lovely night."

"Yes." Her voice was quiet, loving. She moved closer to him, ignoring the closeness of the trees, their arms brushing and then pressing and took his hand gently. "It is."

He looked down at her and raised their interlocked hands, drawing her into the broadness of his chest with infinite care, and lowered his head slowly, kissing her cheek. She relaxed into him and moved her head into the hollow of his neck, closing her eyes. His chin rested upon her golden head.

The two elves, one bright and one dark, stood as little pillars in the black, and they would have scorned to imagine their smallness against the horizon.

Their eyes met again, burning, and his blue gaze lapped over her protectively. She glowed in their rays, a smile lighting on her face. His eyes widened slightly and she brought a slim hand to her chest, leaning her head forward. He tilted his further, white-blonde tresses trickling down his shoulders and their brows touched lightly, the silver cresting them mingling.

"My love," His voice, as deep as the curve in the moon and as rich as its light spoke in a breath.

She made a slight noise in her throat, shifting her head.

The elf's hand brushed against her cheek, his fingers running over her hair. "You are that of the stars and the pale moon and yet I can hold you." His fingers lingered above her pronounced cheekbone. "I would hold you away from all the evils in this realm."

"And I, you." She replied, "Yet together we would lie in darkness, and we two united would fight under the glow of the stars."

"Yes, but how I long to keep you out of the dark." He answered, a note of sorrow in his tone.

She lifted her face to his and his lips fell upon her's, and into them she whispered, "You are my light, my love."

Something rolled in his chest akin to thunder and he pulled her closer and kissed her, the smiles upon both of their mouths brightened the other.

They remained under the trees until the first beams of dawn flung themselves into the night, and still their dream continued. An heir to the throne and a warrior maiden, wanting for nothing, and living for everything in a kingdom so glorious to have hosted their love for however long their forever would last.

End
file.